

From The Pages Of The BOYS™

HEROOGASM



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2009

DYNAMITE 5

From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

HEROGASM™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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WELL, THEY
DO SAY YOU SHOULD
KEEP YOUR FRIENDS
CLOSE AN' YOUR ENEMIES
CLOSER, HE'S GONNA
WANNA KEEP AN EYE
ON THE BASTARD...

BUT IT MIGHT BE
HE JUST CAN'T GET RID
OF HIM. PARTY WANTS 'EM
BOTH IN THERE, BOB'S
GONNA HAVE THE FIGHT
OF HIS LIFE TO
IMPEACH VIC.

HE CAN'T PROVE
ANY OF IT, DON'T FORGET.
AN' MAYBE HE DON'T WANNA
TRY TOO HARD; I MEAN IF
WORD GOT OUT THE V.P.
SMACKED THE *PRESIDENT*
ROUND THE HEAD WITH A
FIRE EXTINGUISHER...

WHY
DO THEY
WANT THEM
BOTH?

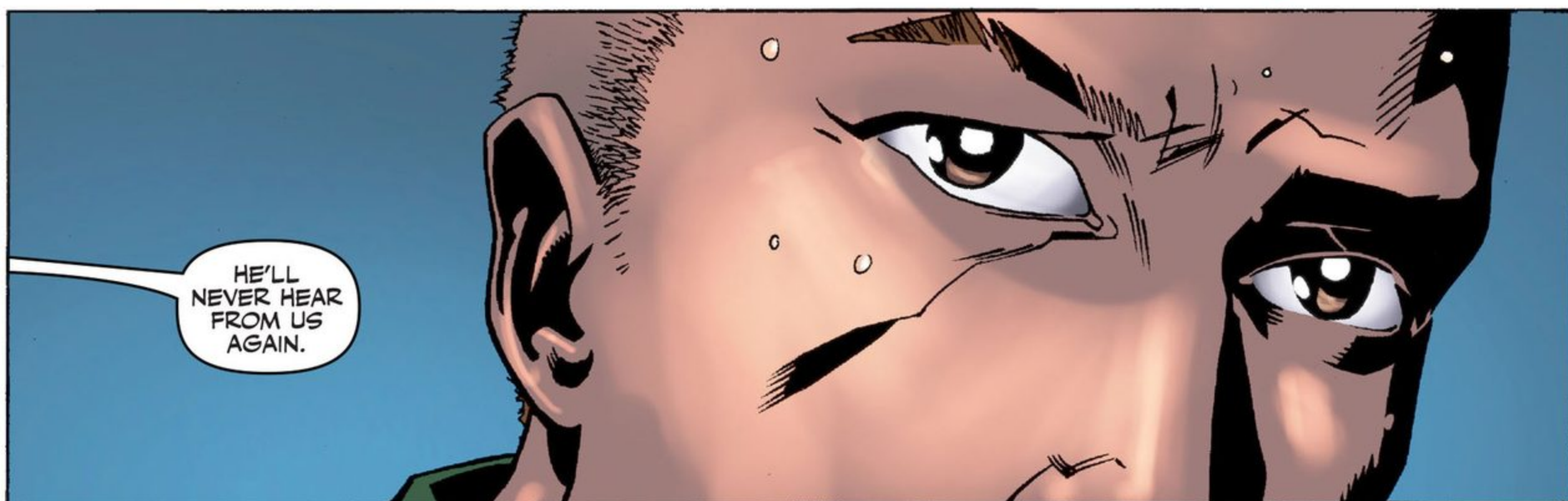
HEDGIN' THEIR BETS. REPUBLICANS'RE
THE PARTY OF BIG BUSINESS, SO IT'S
DAKOTA BOB AN' HALIBURTON OR
VIC THE VEEP AN' VOUGHT.

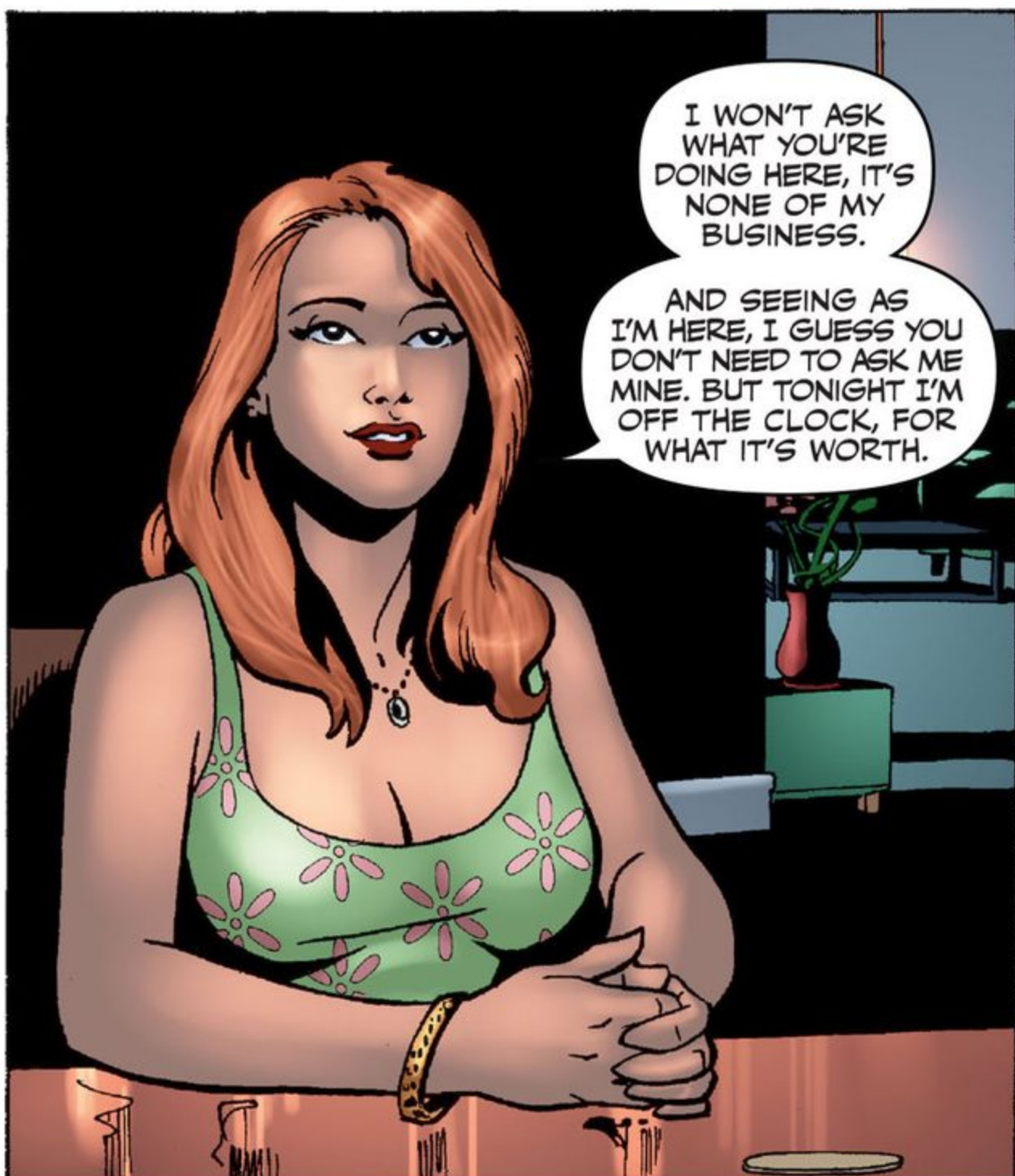
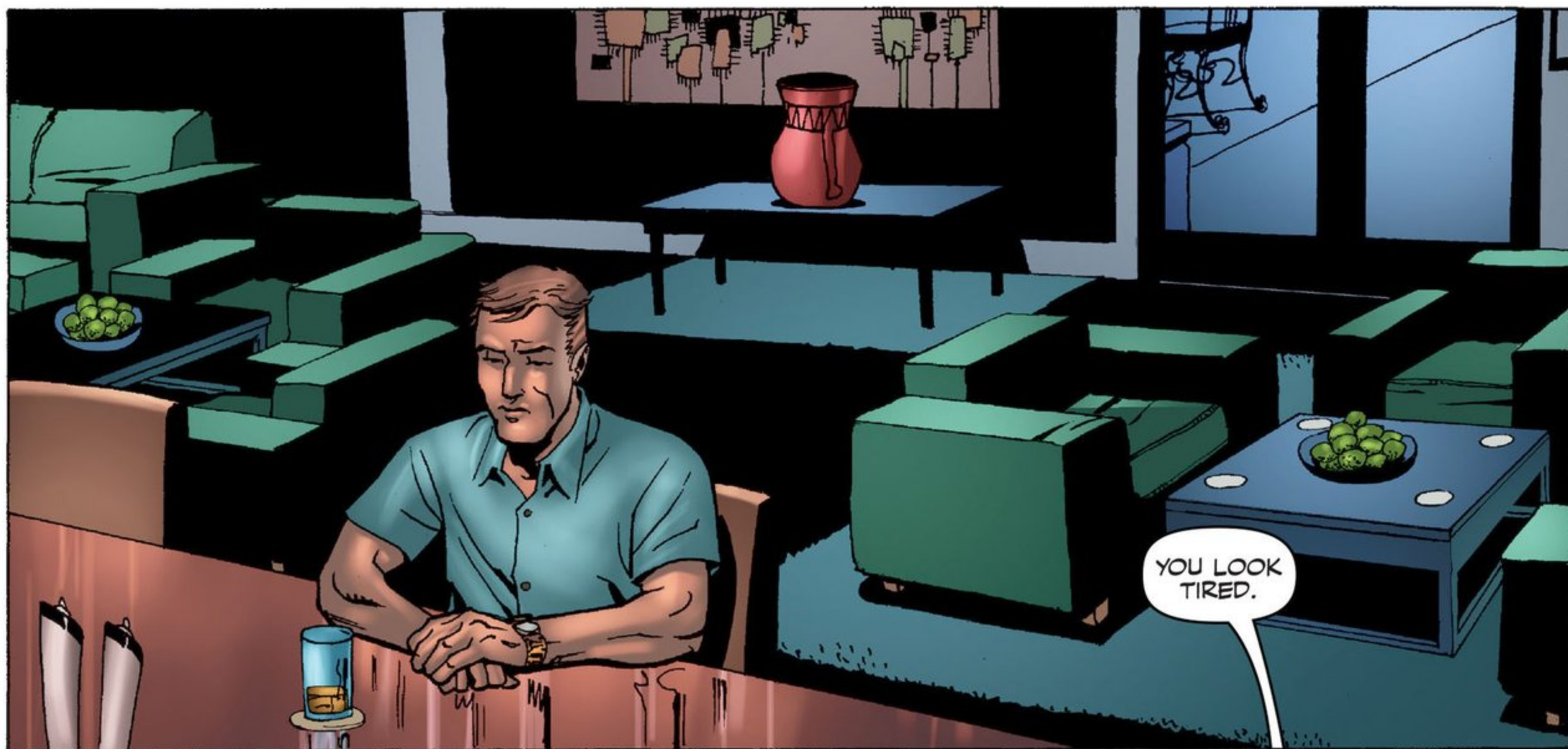
YOU DIGGIN'
FOR GOLD UP
THERE, OR
SOMETHIN'?



EH?

YOU BEEN
SCRATCHIN' YOUR
ARSE ALL DAY AN'
ALL NIGHT, MATE.
DIDN'T YOU WONDER
WHY M.M. WENT
OUTSIDE TO EAT
HIS SARNEY?

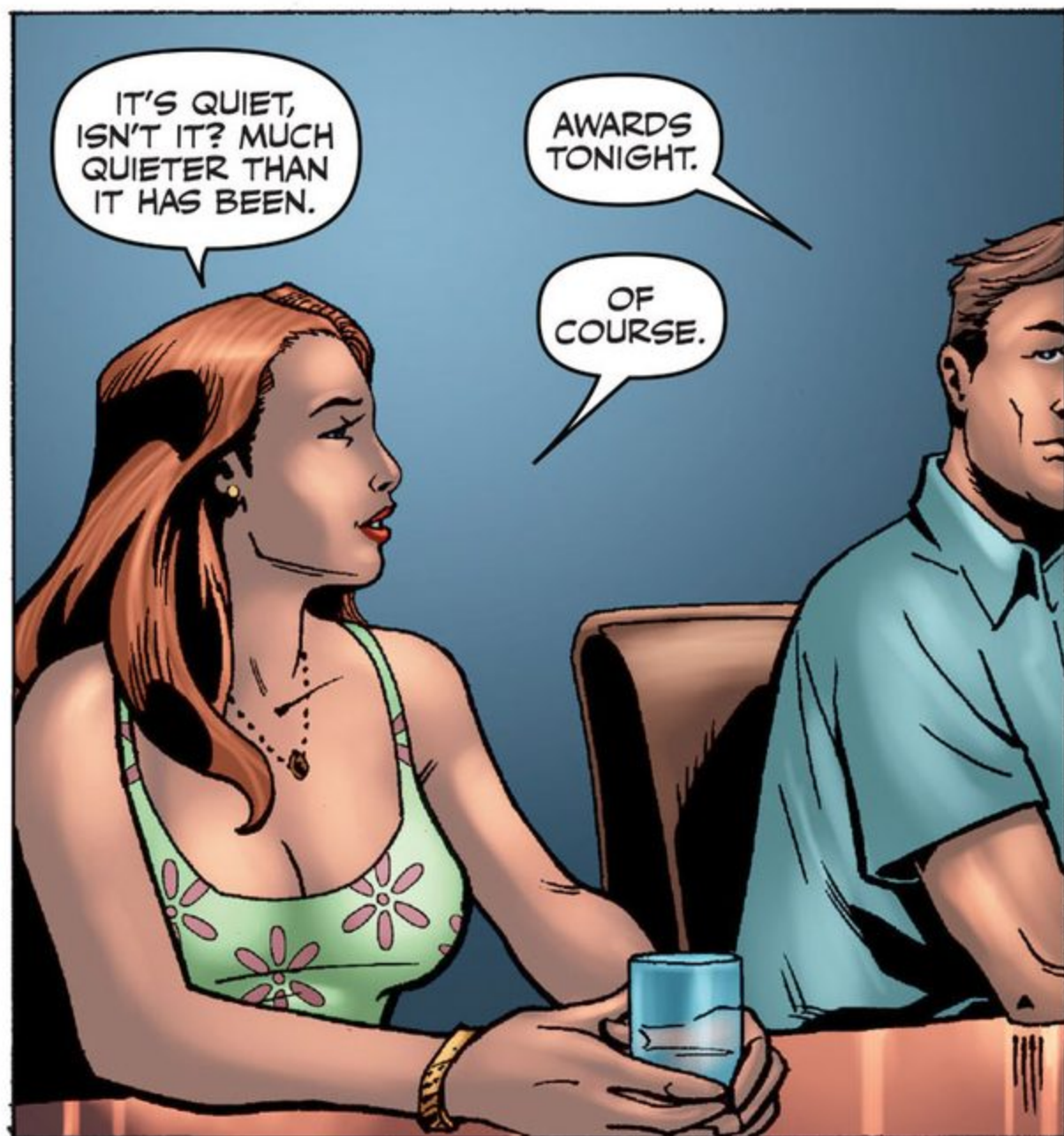






D'YOU
MIND IF
I JOIN
YOU?

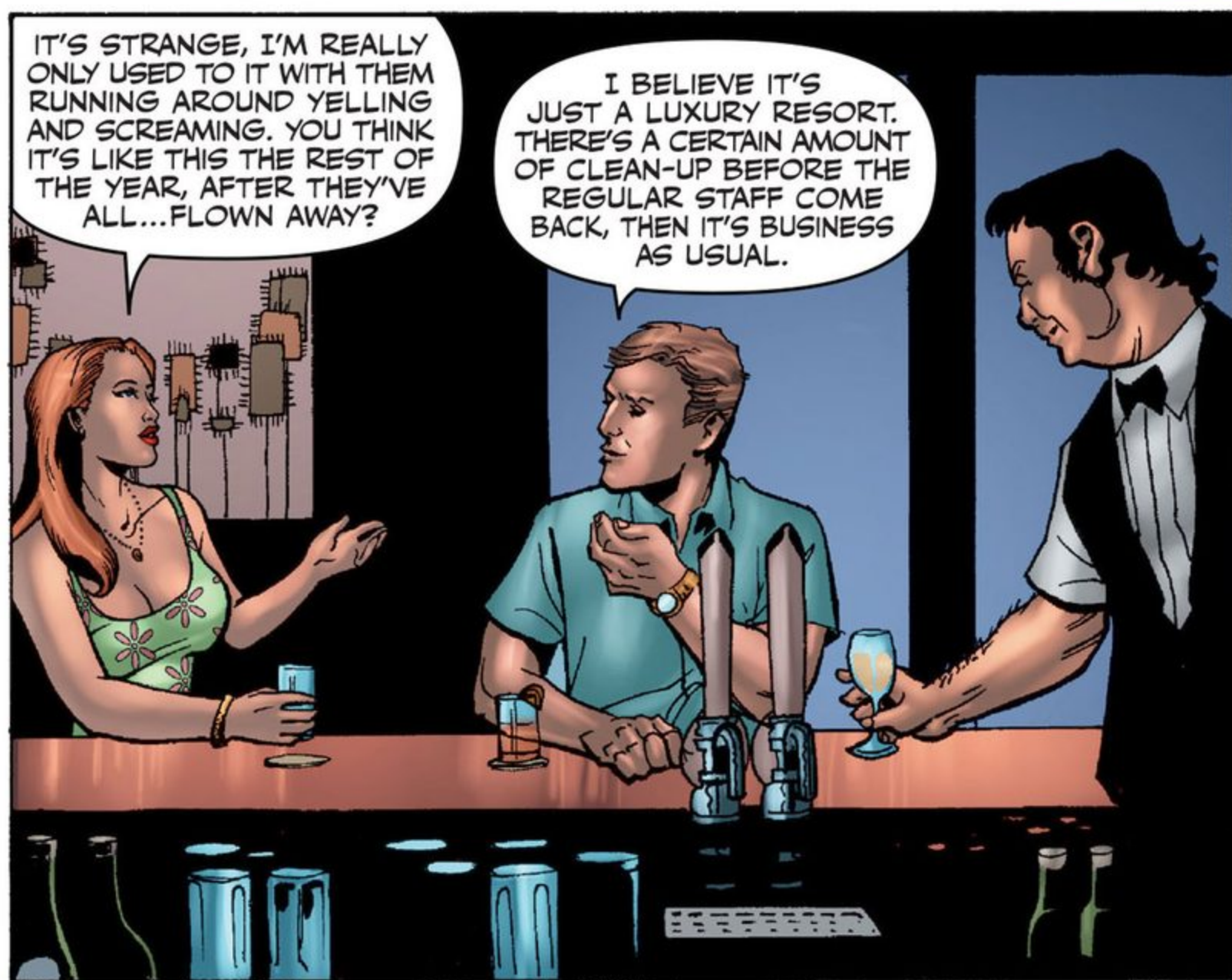
NOT
AT ALL.



IT'S QUIET,
ISN'T IT? MUCH
QUIETER THAN
IT HAS BEEN.

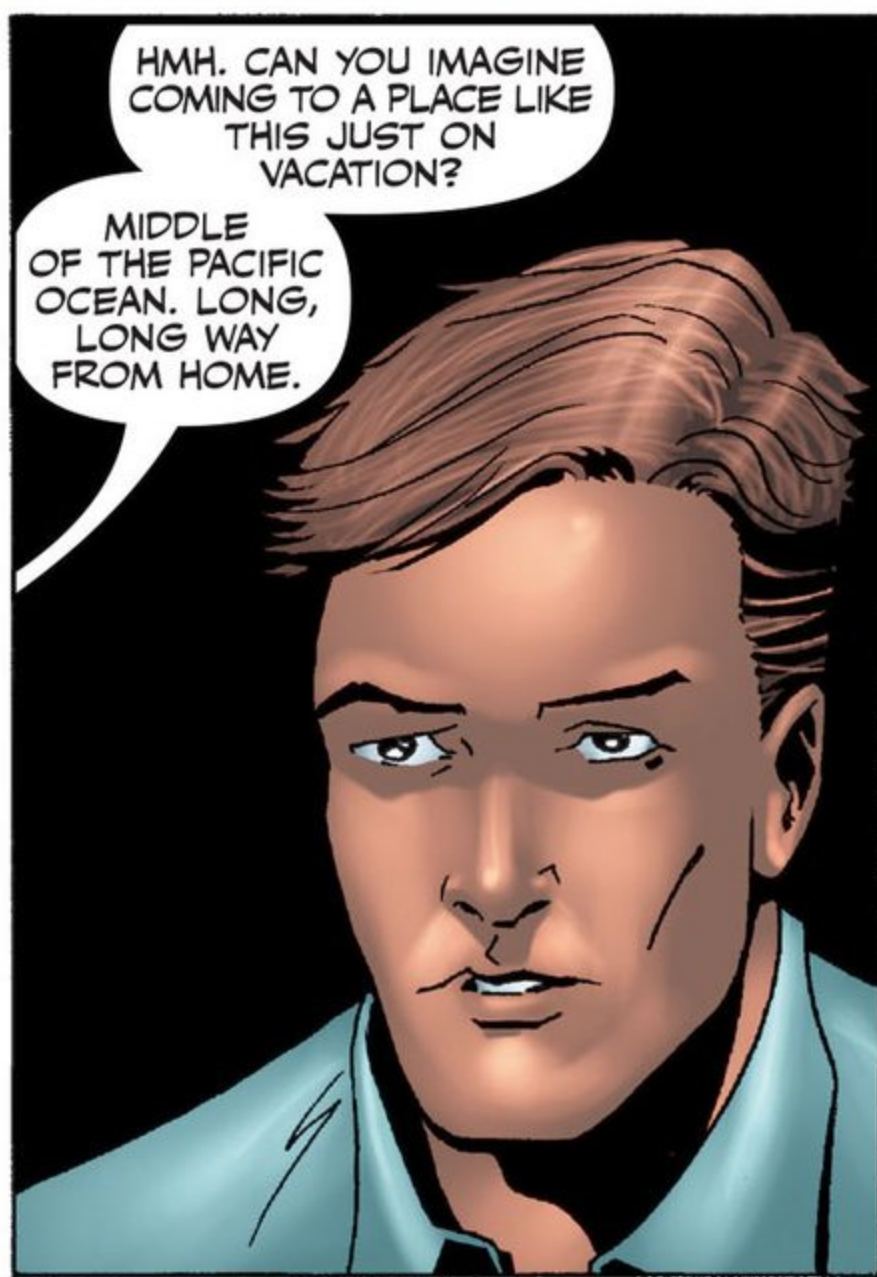
AWARDS
TONIGHT.

OF
COURSE.



IT'S STRANGE, I'M REALLY
ONLY USED TO IT WITH THEM
RUNNING AROUND YELLING
AND SCREAMING. YOU THINK
IT'S LIKE THIS THE REST OF
THE YEAR, AFTER THEY'VE
ALL...FLOWN AWAY?

I BELIEVE IT'S
JUST A LUXURY RESORT.
THERE'S A CERTAIN AMOUNT
OF CLEAN-UP BEFORE THE
REGULAR STAFF COME
BACK, THEN IT'S BUSINESS
AS USUAL.



HMM. CAN YOU IMAGINE
COMING TO A PLACE LIKE
THIS JUST ON
VACATION?

MIDDLE
OF THE PACIFIC
OCEAN. LONG,
LONG WAY
FROM HOME.



MY NAME'S
SHAUNA, BY
THE WAY.



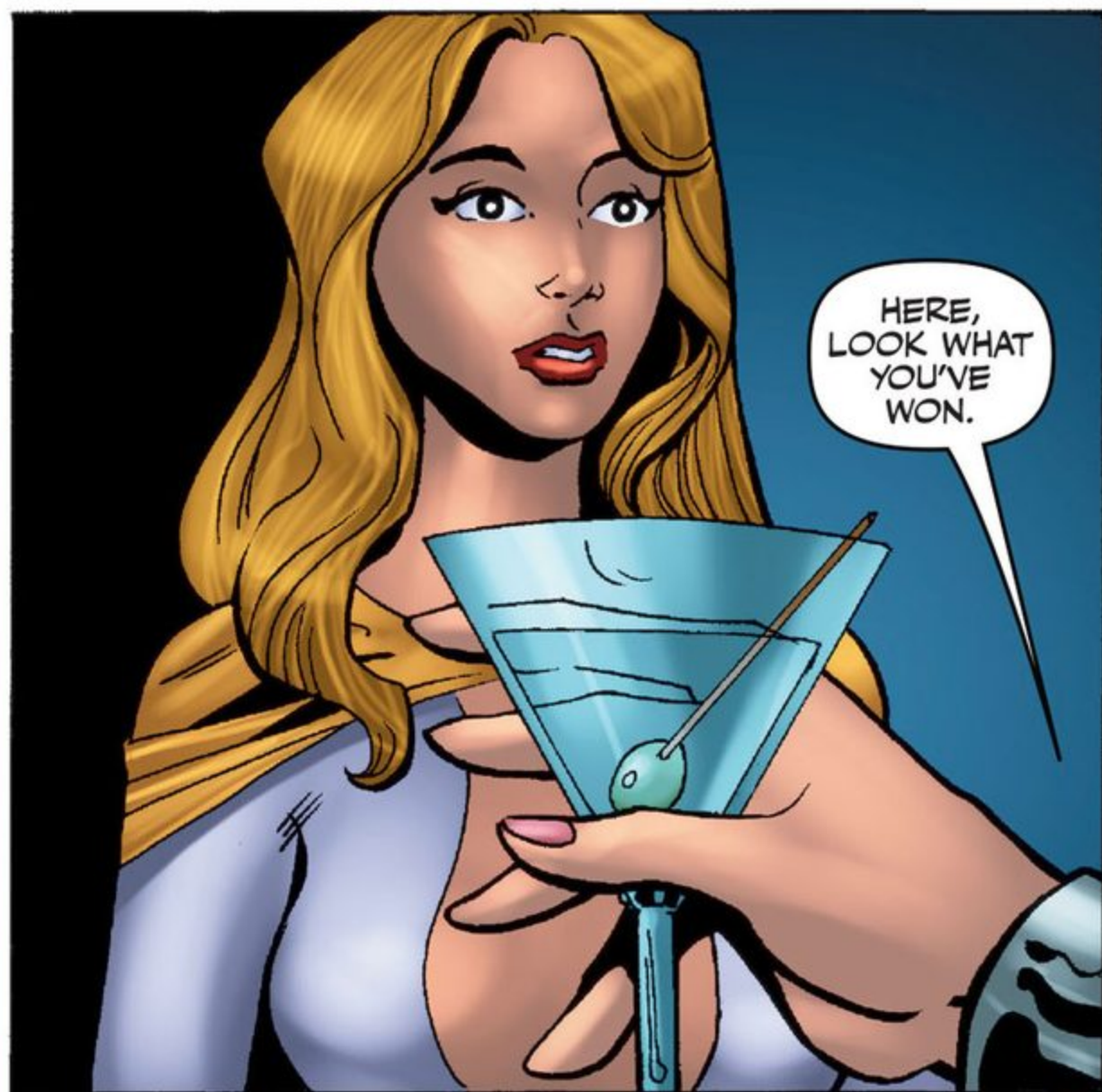
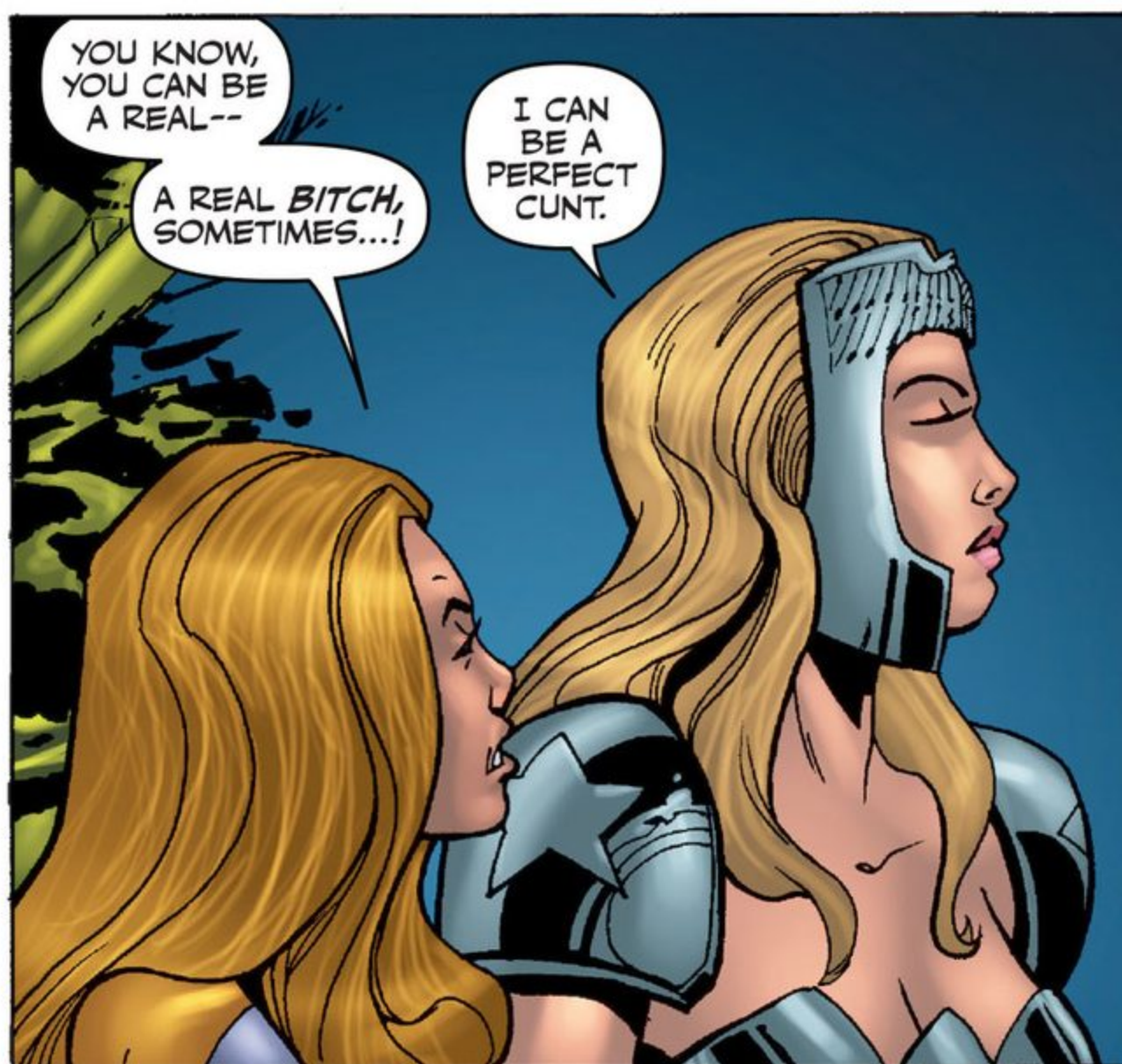
...SO I SAID,
WELL, THE WAY
YOU DRAW ME, JACK,
I'M ALREADY BIZARRO
ENOUGH AS IT IS--AND
NOT LONG AFTER THAT
HE WAS OFF THE BOOK
FOR GOOD...

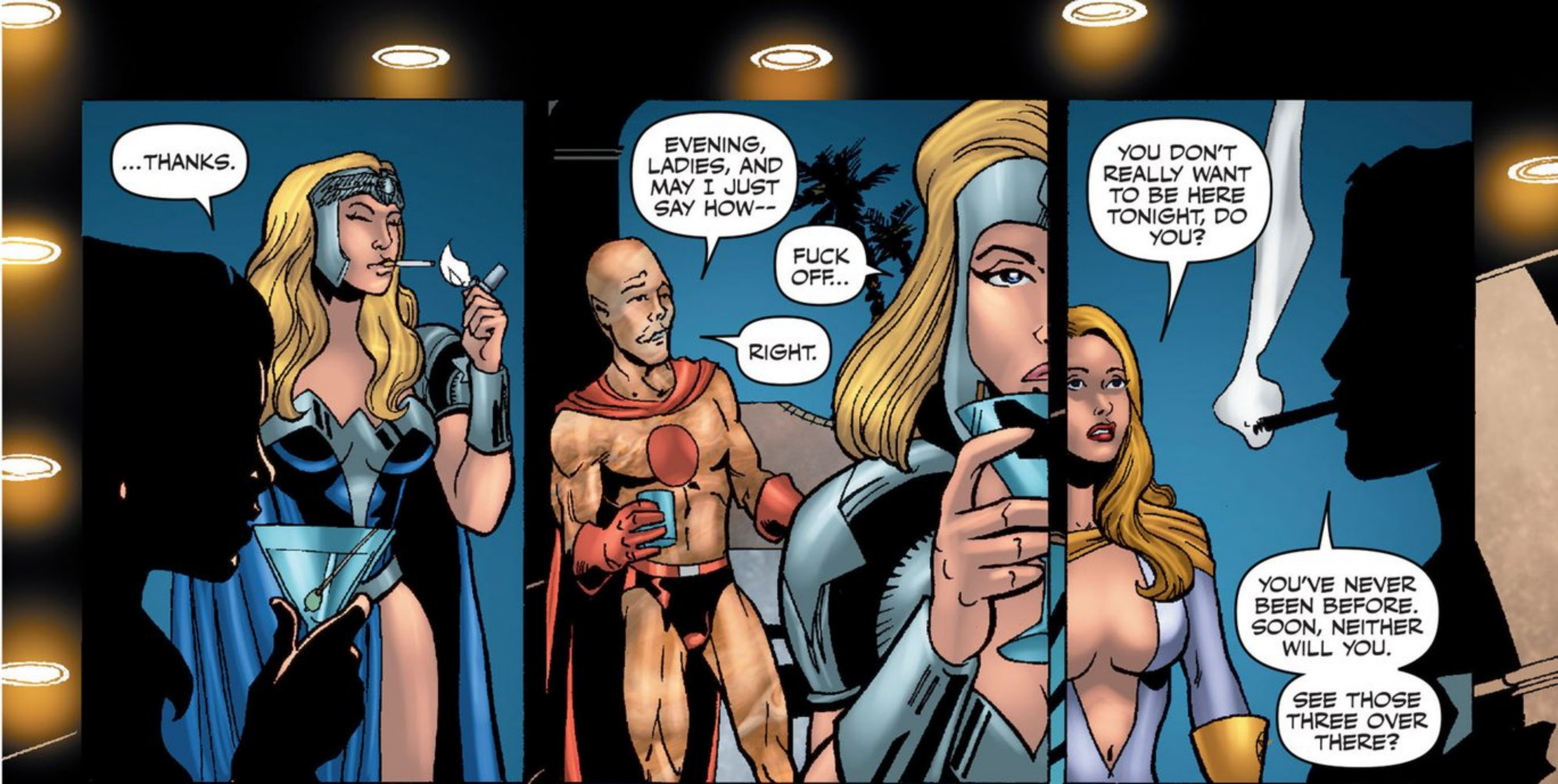
AHA
HA HA HA
HA!

HA HA,
"BIZARRO
ENOUGH",
THAT IS
BRILLIANT...!

HA
HA HA!

Five: HOLLYWOOD







I GOT IN A FIGHT
WITH ONE OF THE
SUPER-PRICKS.

DON'T
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT.



YOU--

I SAID I
DON'T WANT
TO TALK
ABOUT IT.

COME ON,
DUBISHER, GIVE
ME A BREAK, OKAY?
IT'S BEEN A LONG
DAY...



I'LL SAY IT HAS. WOULD YOU
RECOGNISE HIM IF YOU SAW HIM
AGAIN, THIS GUY?

NOT
WORTH IT.

NO?
AN ASSAULT ON A
SECRET SERVICE
AGENT?

OH, JESUS
CHRIST...

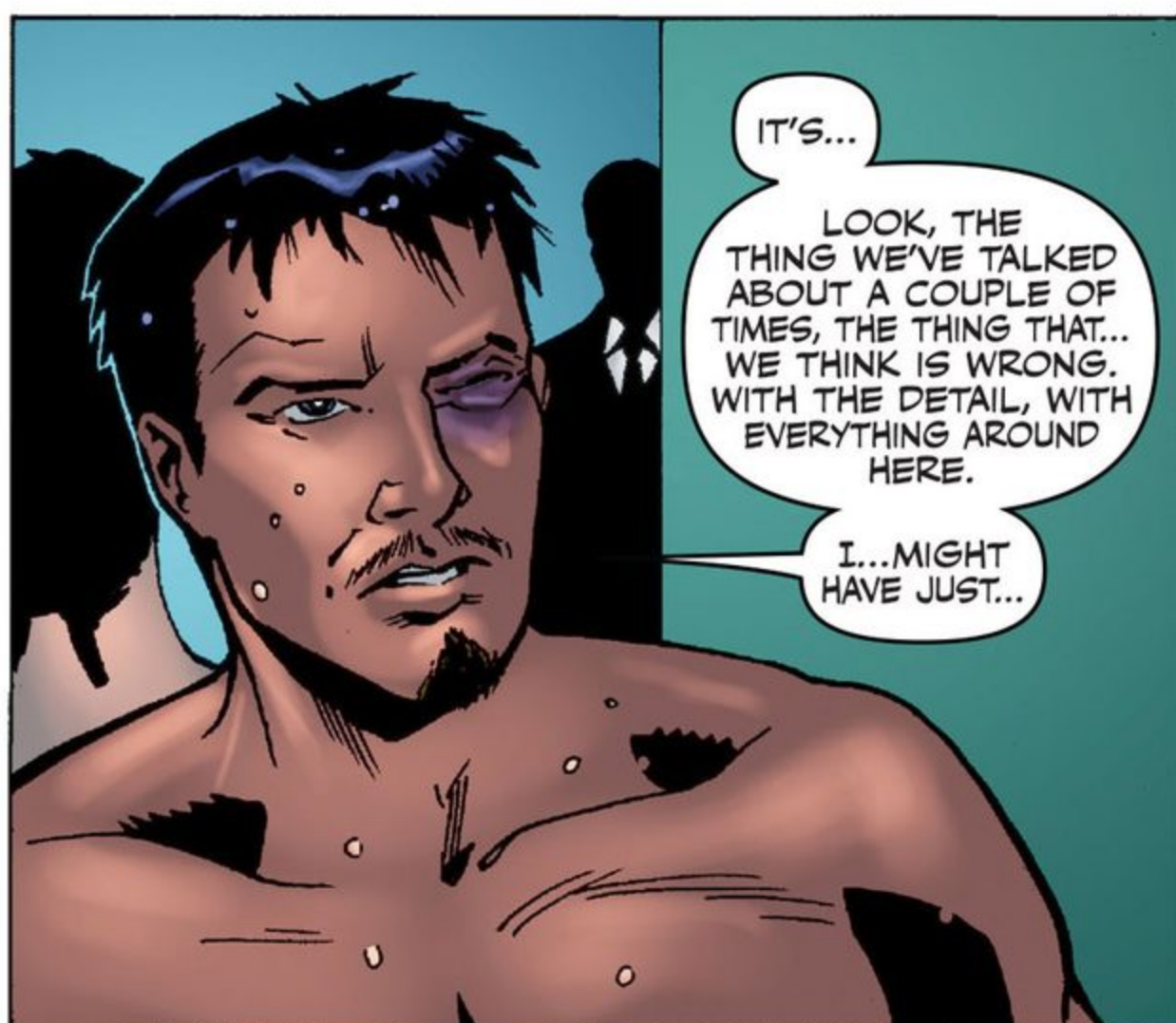


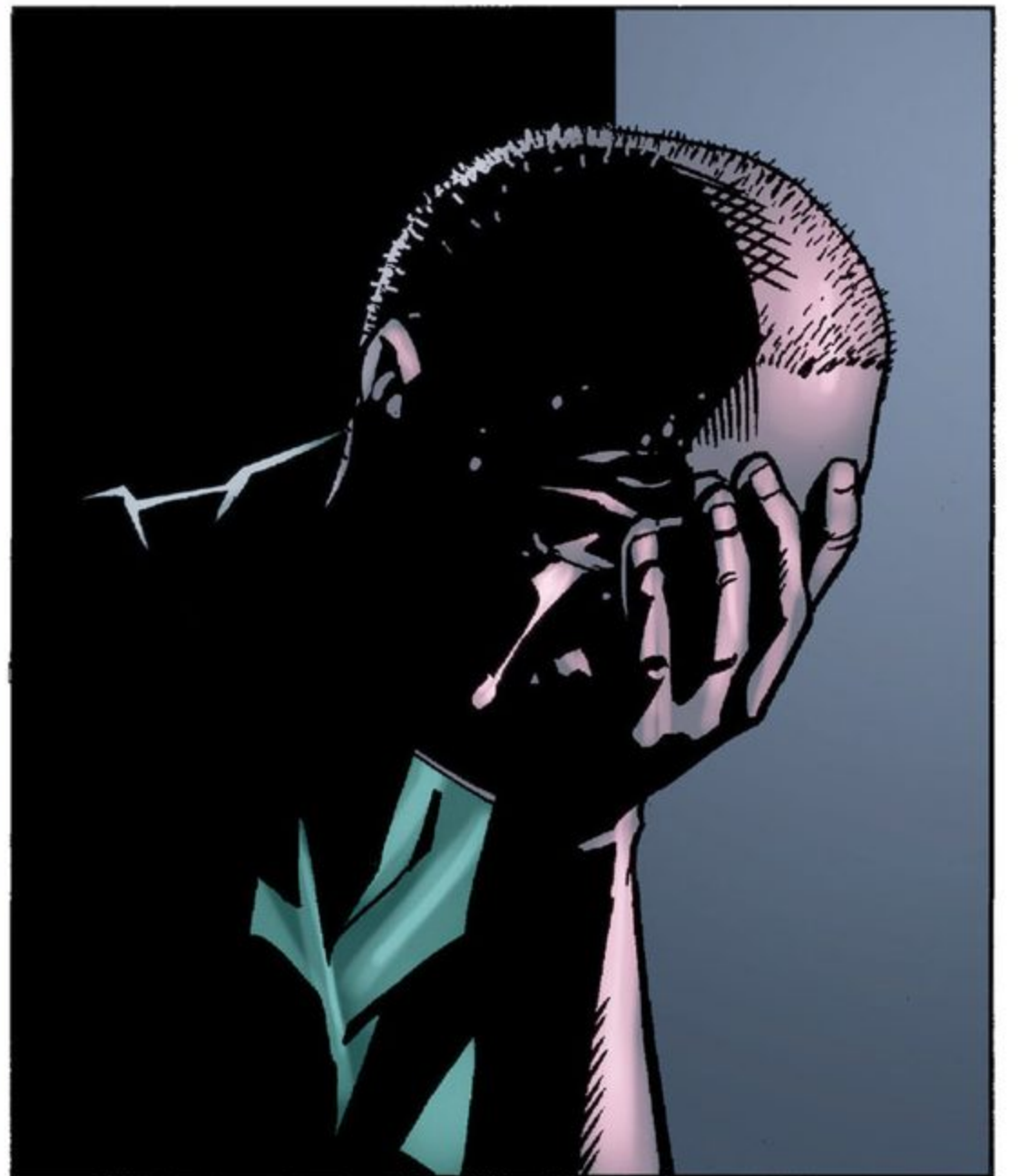
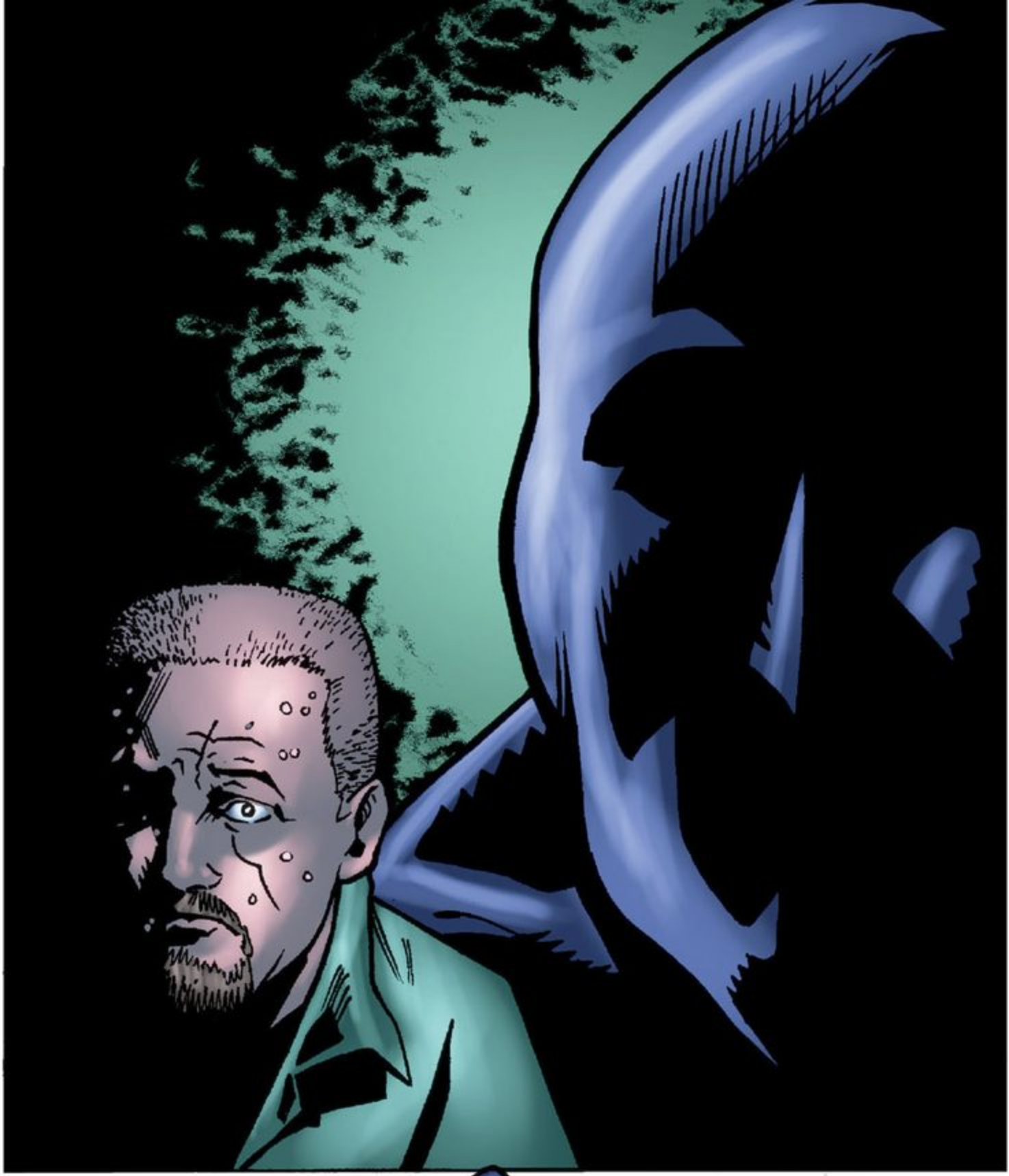
BECAUSE
I--

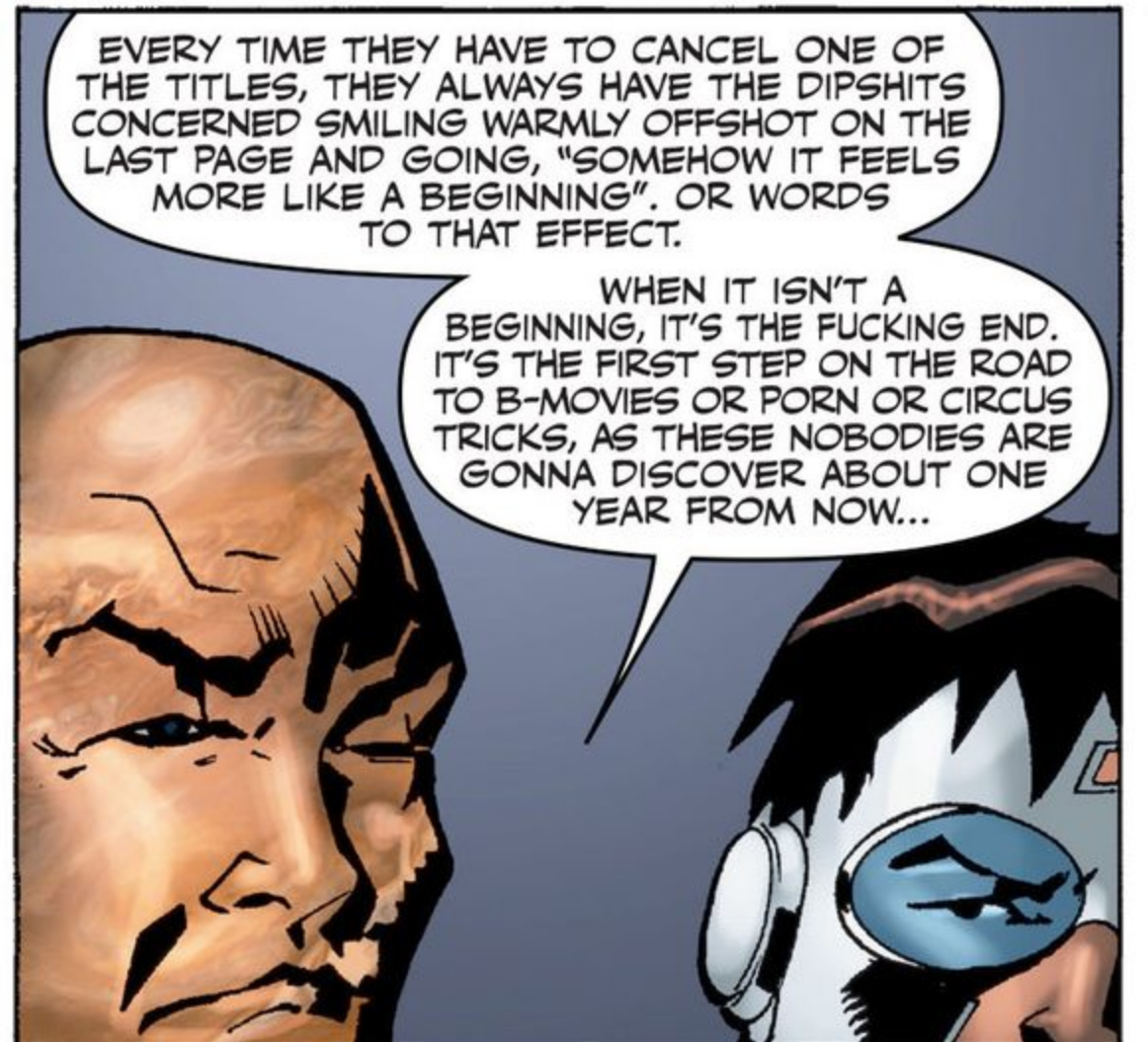
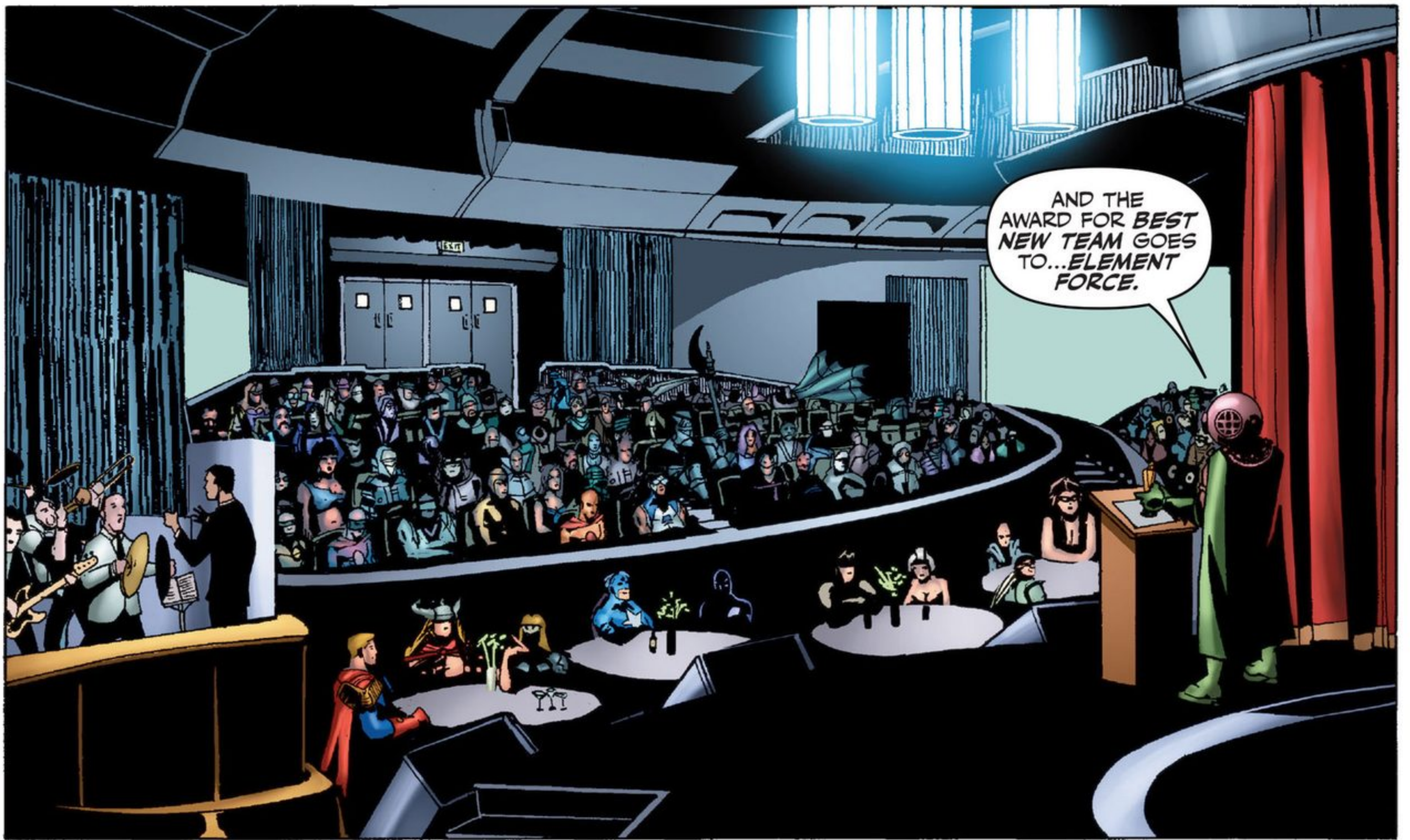
**FUCK,
MAN!!**

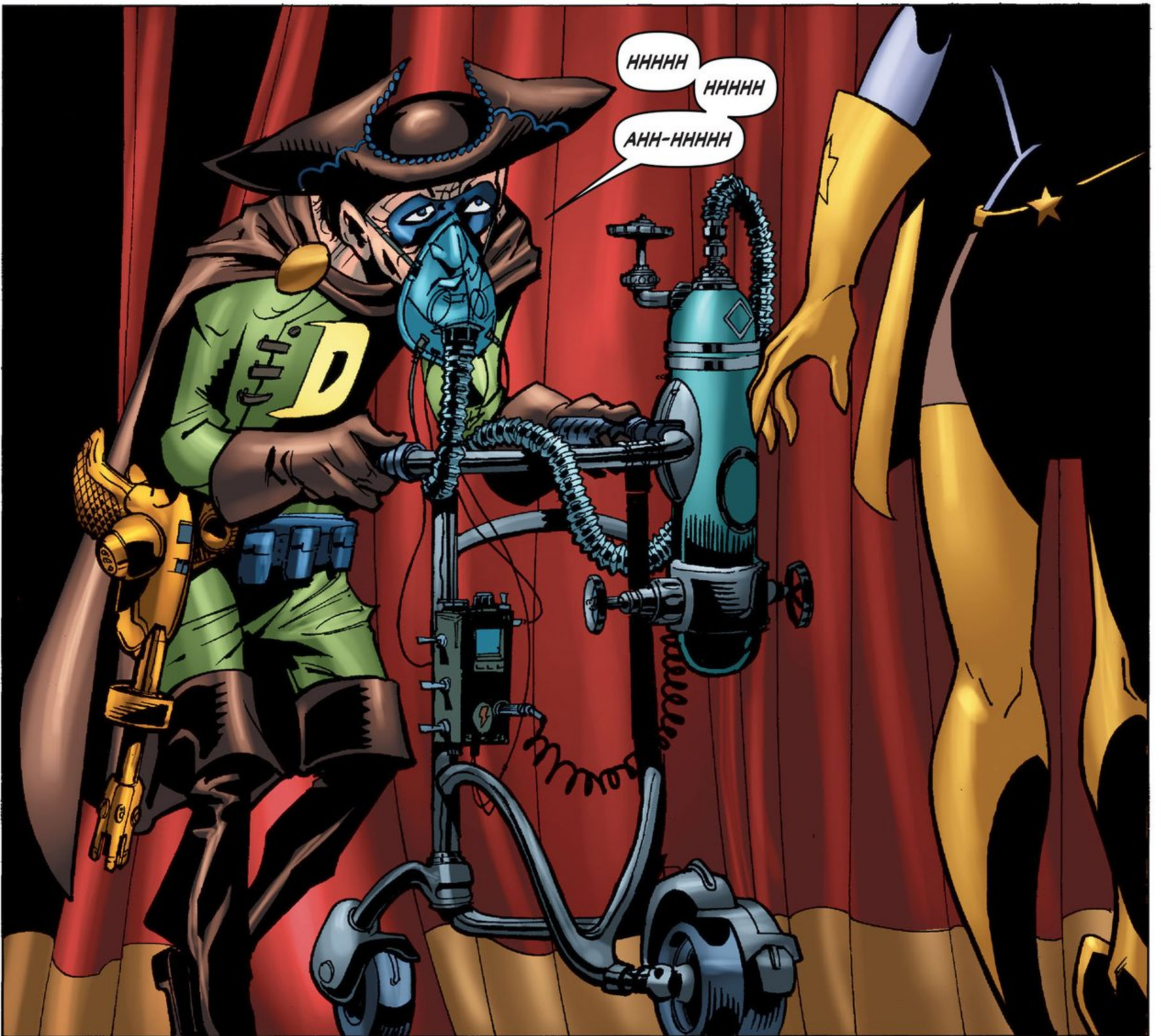
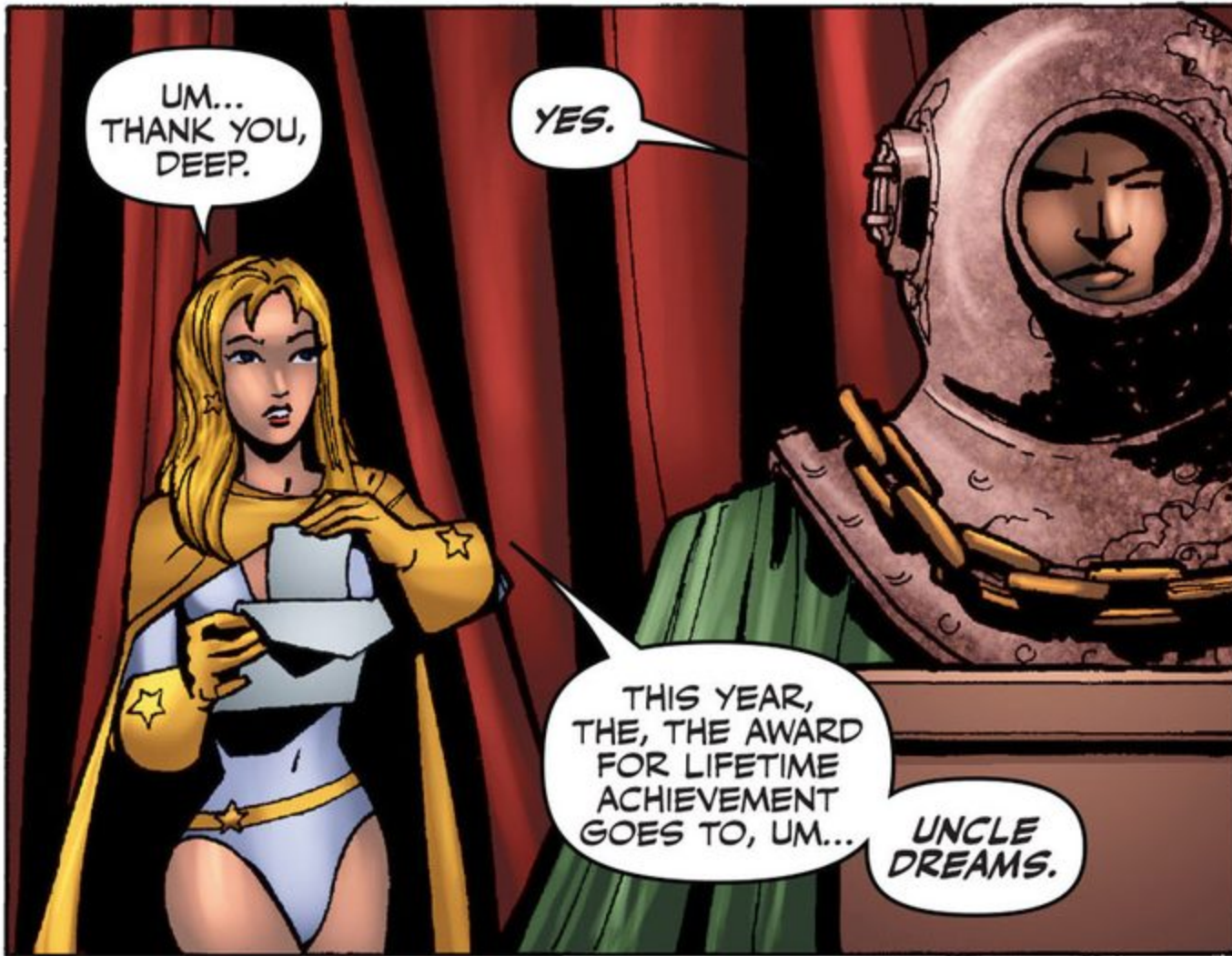
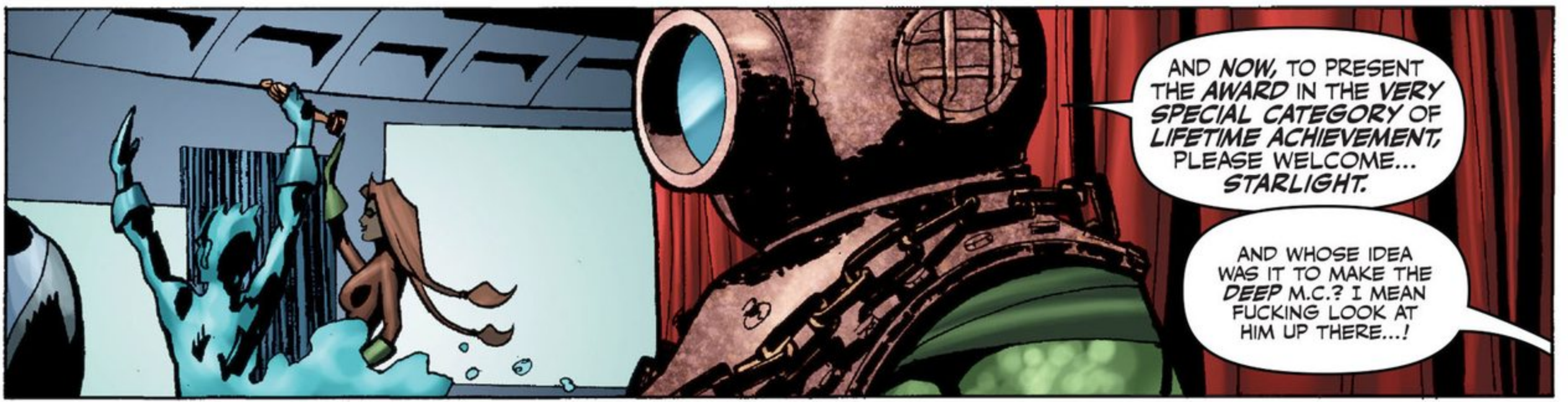


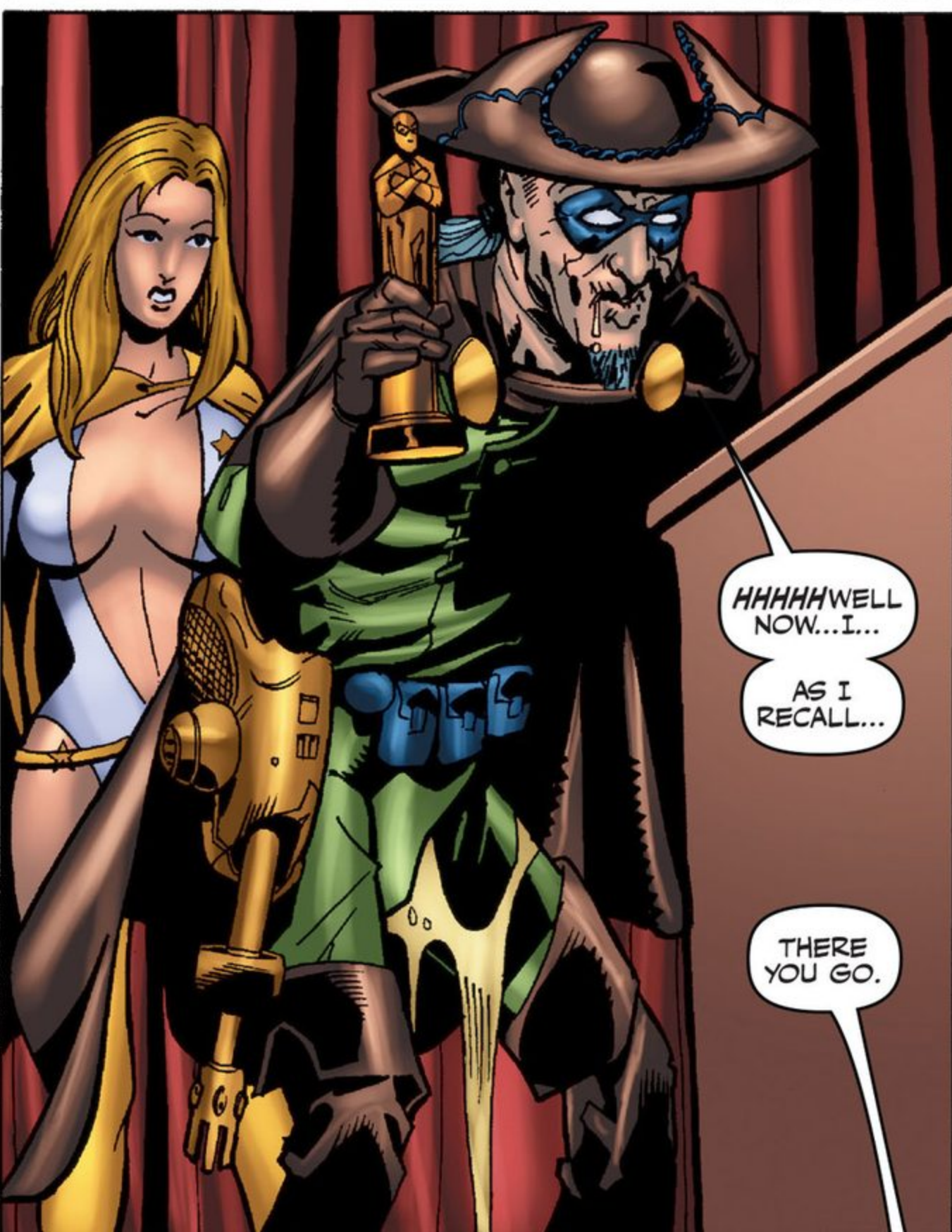
?

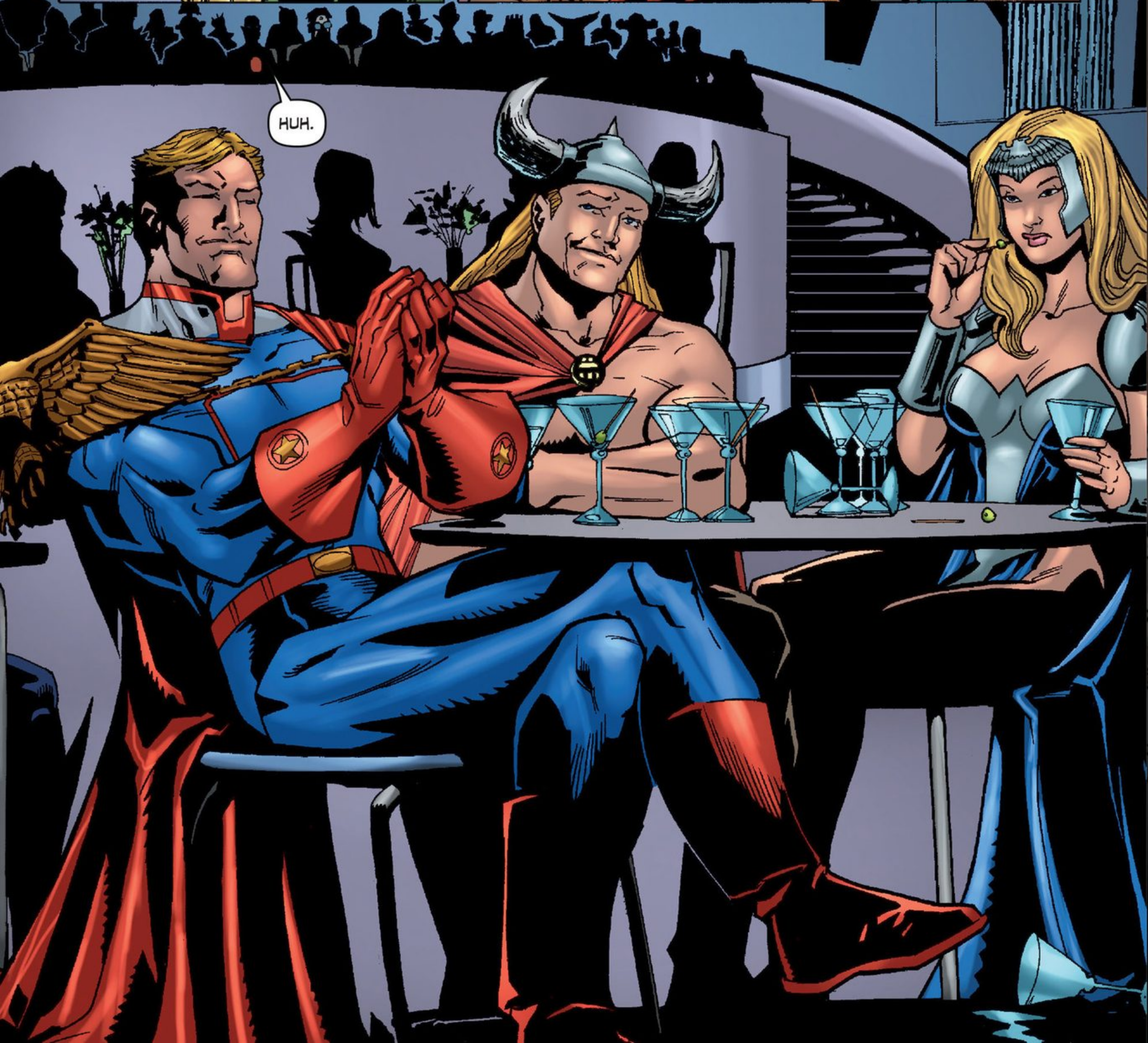


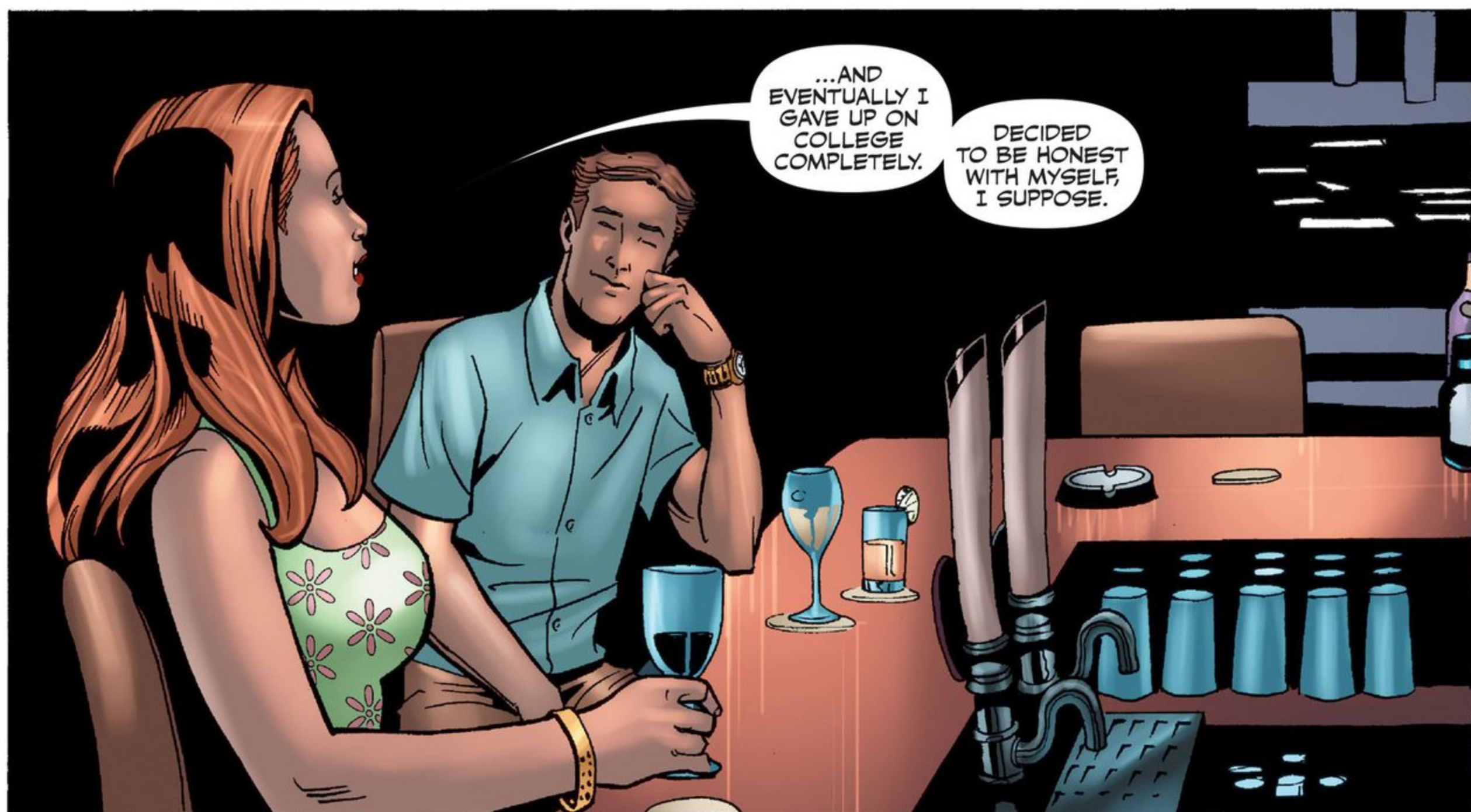












...AND
EVENTUALLY I
GAVE UP ON
COLLEGE
COMPLETELY.

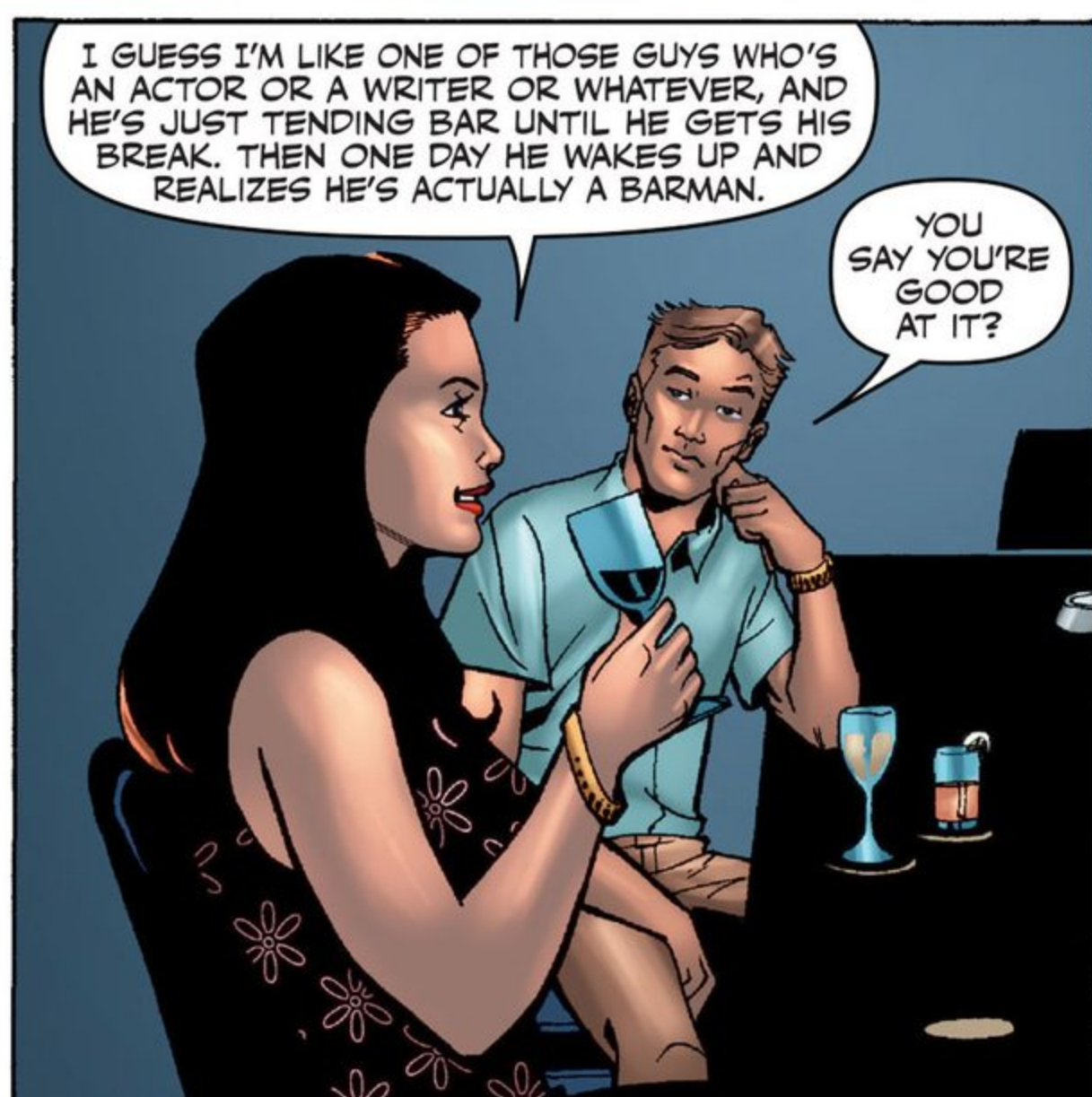
DECIDED
TO BE HONEST
WITH MYSELF,
I SUPPOSE.



HOW SO?

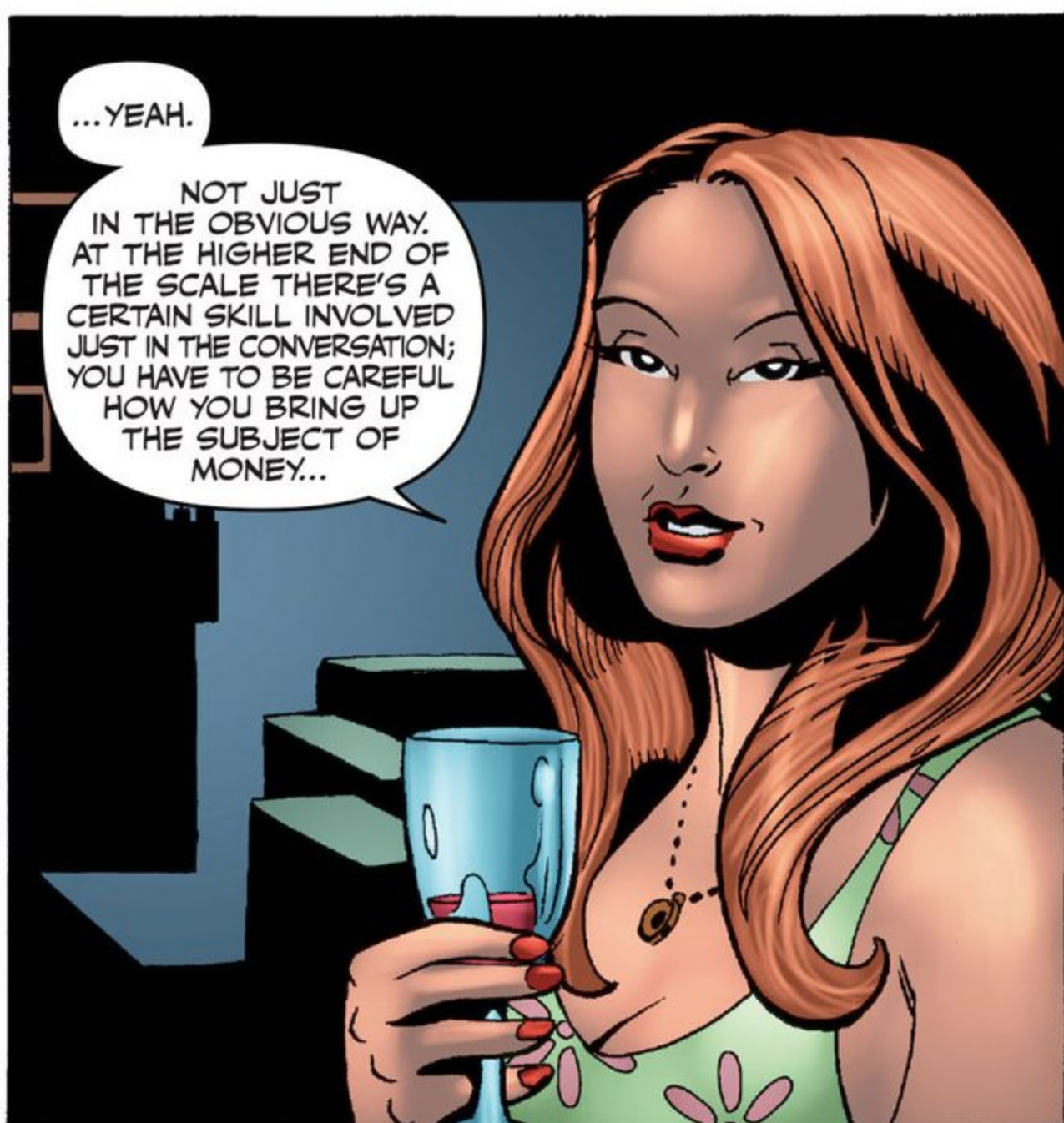
I WAS GOOD
AT IT. I ENJOYED IT,
OR ENOUGH OF IT THAT
I COULD PUT UP WITH THE
REST. AND THE MONEY
WAS GETTING BETTER
AND BETTER.

AND, SEEING AS
THE WHOLE POINT OF
COLLEGE WAS TO GET
A HIGH-PAYING JOB...
I THOUGHT, WELL, IT
LOOKS AS IF I'M
ALREADY THERE.



I GUESS I'M LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO'S
AN ACTOR OR A WRITER OR WHATEVER, AND
HE'S JUST TENDING BAR UNTIL HE GETS HIS
BREAK. THEN ONE DAY HE WAKES UP AND
REALIZES HE'S ACTUALLY A BARMAN.

YOU
SAY YOU'RE
GOOD
AT IT?



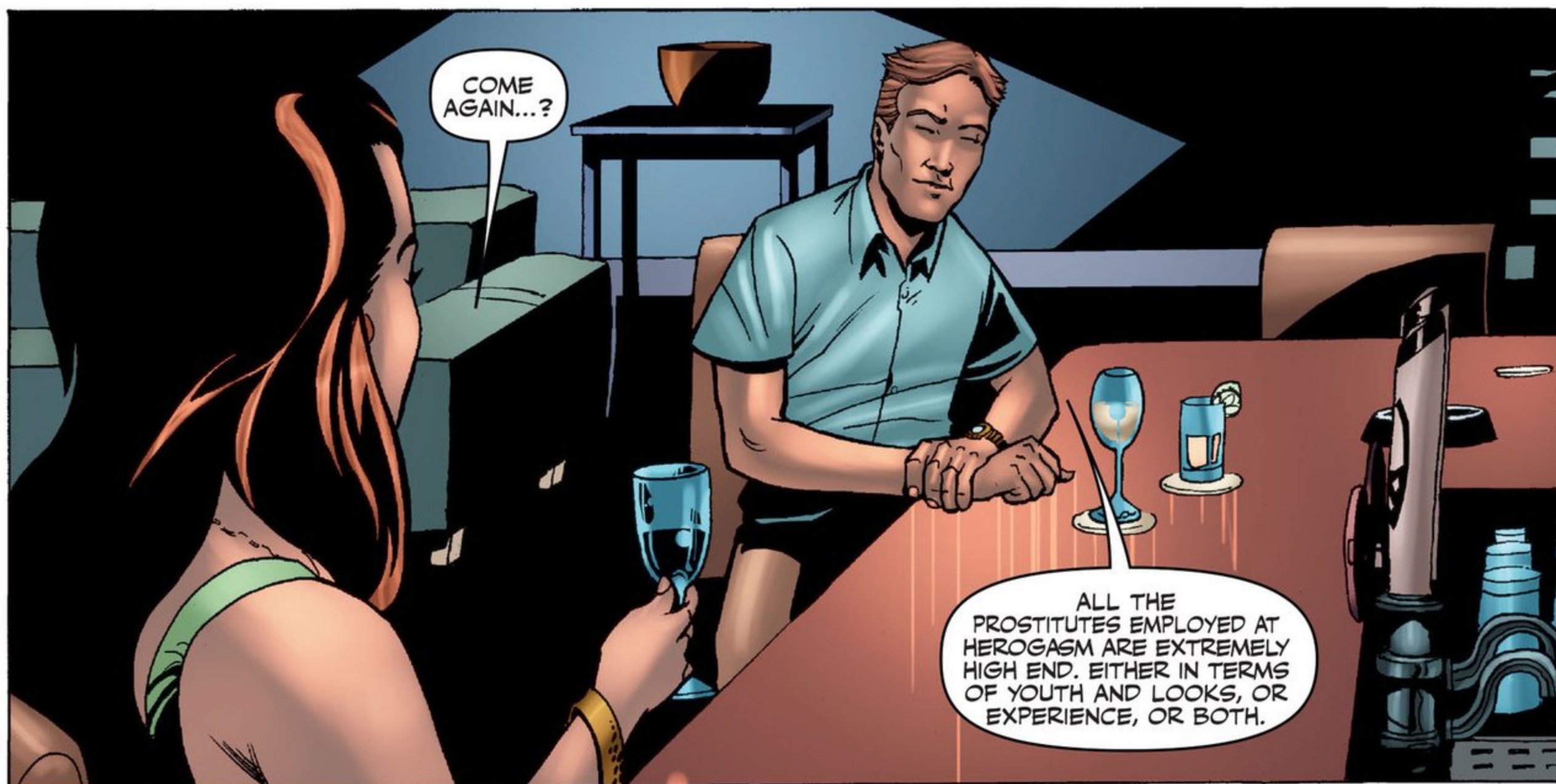
...YEAH.

NOT JUST
IN THE OBVIOUS WAY.
AT THE HIGHER END OF
THE SCALE THERE'S A
CERTAIN SKILL INVOLVED
JUST IN THE CONVERSATION;
YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL
HOW YOU BRING UP
THE SUBJECT OF MONEY...



BECAUSE AT
THAT POINT, THEY
MAY STILL BE
UNWARE EXACTLY
WHO THEY'RE
TALKING TO.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
SHAUNA, YOU ARE
GOOD. BUT TONIGHT
YOU'D HAVE NEEDED
TO BE ABSOLUTELY
MASTERFUL.



COME AGAIN...?

ALL THE PROSTITUTES EMPLOYED AT HEROGASM ARE EXTREMELY HIGH END. EITHER IN TERMS OF YOUTH AND LOOKS, OR EXPERIENCE, OR BOTH.



NOW, I IMAGINE YOU'VE CONDUCTED YOUR BUSINESS IN THE BARS OF COUNTLESS UPSCALE RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS. ALWAYS ELEGANTLY COUTURED, EXPERTLY SEDUCTIVE. CHOOSING YOUR MOMENT WITH EQUAL EXPERTISE.

WHEN DO I INFORM THE MAN WHO THINKS I WANT HIM THAT IN FACT WE ARE CONDUCTING A TRANSACTION: YES?



AND I IMAGINE THAT YOU MANAGE TO SHOW YOUR HAND WITHOUT FRIGHTENING ANYONE OFF...WELL OVER TWO-THIRDS OF THE TIME.

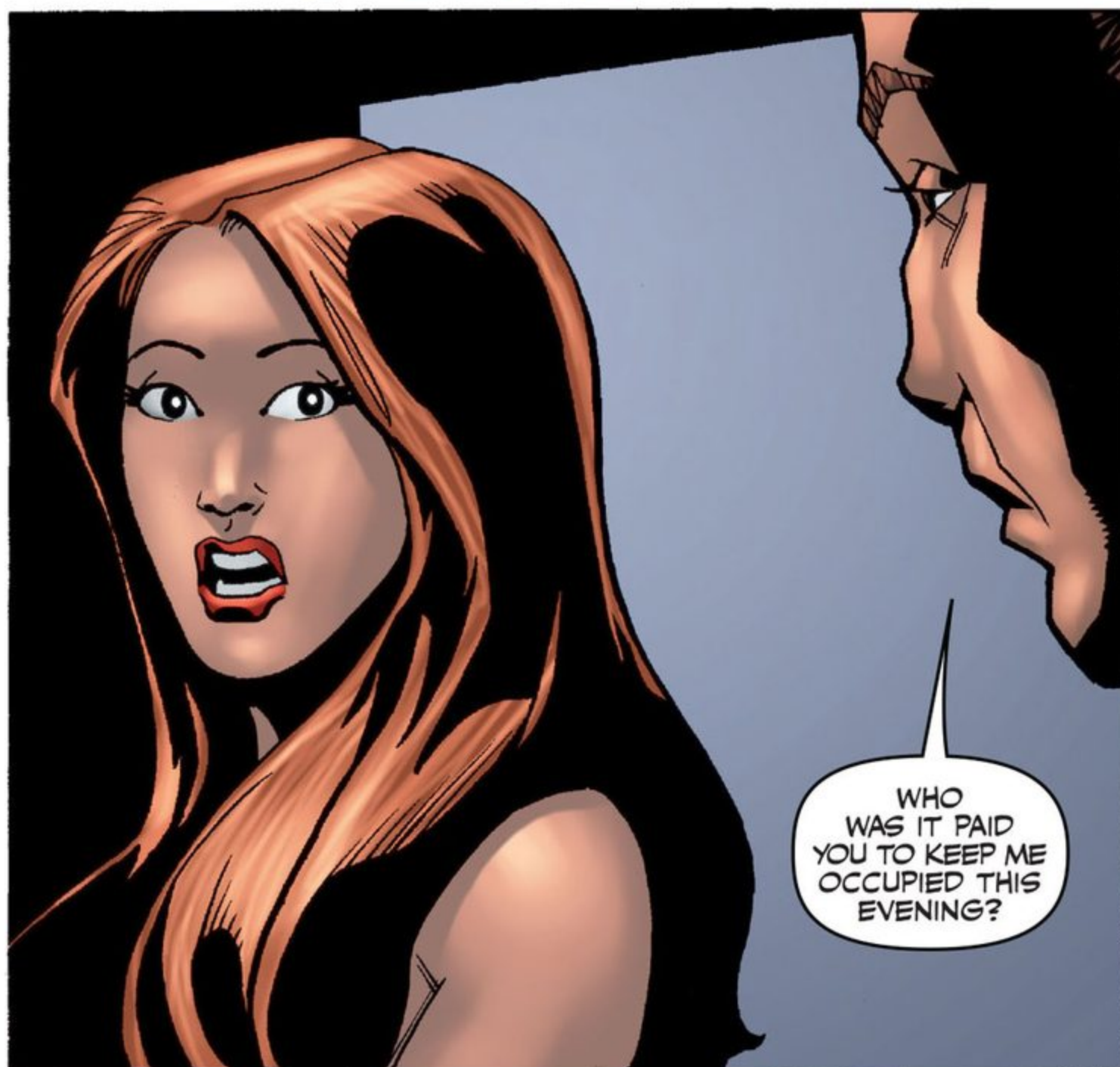
BUT TONIGHT IS TRICKIER THAN USUAL. TONIGHT, YOU HAVE TO CONVINCE THE MARK THAT NO TRANSACTION IS INVOLVED AT ALL.

THAT YOU'RE OFF THE CLOCK...



WHEN IN FACT, THE TRANSACTION HAS ALREADY TAKEN PLACE.

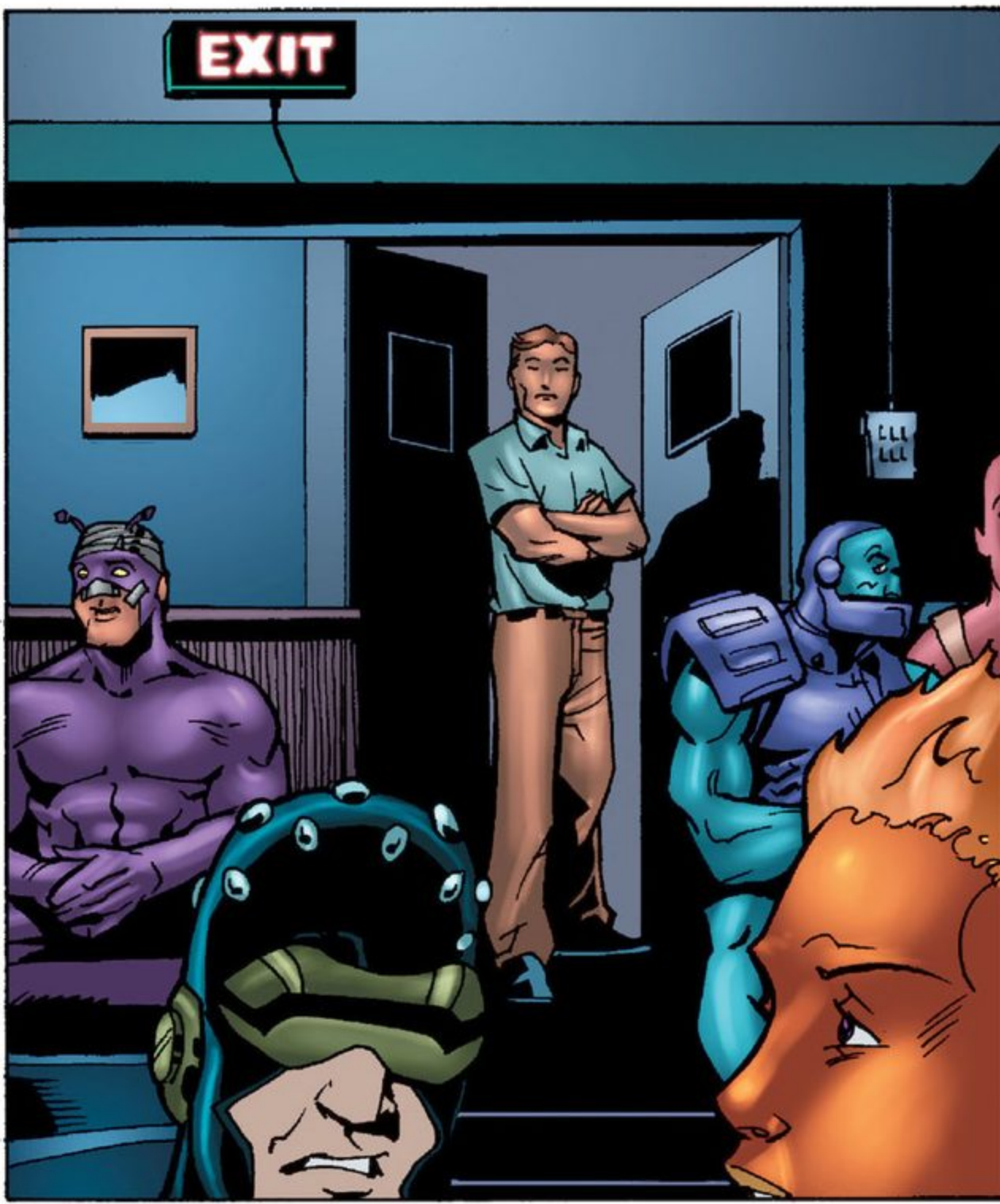
YOU SHOULD THINK CAREFULLY ABOUT HOW YOU ANSWER MY NEXT QUESTION. BECAUSE WHAT YOU TELL ME WILL DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT YOU MAKE IT OFF THIS ISLAND ALIVE.



WHO WAS IT PAID YOU TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED THIS EVENING?









LET US HAVE
ANOTHER ROUND OF
APPLAUSE FOR THE
HOMELANDER.

FOR THE
HOMELANDER.



WHAT THE
HELL WAS
THAT--?

SEARCH
ME...

BIG GUY
OFF HIS
MEDS, YOU
THINK...?







SO WHO DOES THAT
LEAVE COVERING
EINSTEIN...?

FUCK.
OH, FUCK.

GODFREY
MUST HAVE
ORDERED A
SEARCH.



WHY
WOULD
HE--

OH, THIS
IS GONNA FUCK
EVERYTHING...

HOW?

"BECAUSE THERE'S A TRAILER, AN
OLD TRAILER IN AT THE BACK OF THAT
HANGAR. AND EVEN THOSE ASSHOLES
WON'T BE ABLE TO MISS IT.

"AND IF THEY SET
ONE FOOT INSIDE
THAT THING--"



"THEY'LL
FUCKING
WISH THEY'D
NEVER BEEN
BORN."

TO BE CONCLUDED



GOBLIN